GRANTLEY MANOR. ter, that you are to labor hard for a

A TALE

LADY GEORGINA FULLERTON, Author of "Lady Bird," "Ellen Middleton," &c

CHAPTER IV .- Contined.

"He said he loved him as if he did not fear him, and feared him as if he did

not love him.' "Did he really? How very well expressed; but it was odd to say that to

you, a perfect stranger."

"Not quite a stranger."
"Why? How? What do you mean?"
"The dinner-bell!" cried the horrified Mrs. Dalton, as the vision of keeping the Colonel waiting presented itself to

ber affrighted eyes, while the gong resounded in her ears. "O never mind," cried Margaret, answering the thought, not the words. Put on the lavender cap and the lace tippet, and you will be ready in a min-tie; but Dally, mind," she continued following Mrs. Dalton down the passage, "that you make haste at dessert with

of, for I shall nod and come away very soon. I am so very curious." Colonel Leslie was that day more conversible than usual at dinner, and while he was giving an animated account of some incidents in the Peninsular war, Margaret forgot her impatience to leave the lining-room, and her eyes flashed with such excitement, that her father said with a smile, "I believe you would like to lend a forlorn hope yourself, you

look so very heroic at this moment. As I once said before, Colonel Leslie's smiles were sneers, and the sudden way n which he had checked the enthus iasm struck coldly on his daughter's heart. She bit her lips, looked atten-tively at the birds on the Dresden china Plate, and after a pause Mrs. Dalton and herself hurried to the drawing-room. Margaret stood before the blazing fire, and twisting an allumette in her hand, said, aloud, but to herself, "O no, I could not lead a forlorne hope!"

"The Conoled did not really mean you could, my dear," observed Mrs. Dalton. 'I cannot understand the courage of

"Then don't think of them, dear child. Won't you have some coffee?" "Could you lead a forlorn hope,

"I hope I could."
"What can make you feel as if you

could, when I feel I could not?"
"Why, you know, if I were a soldier, it might be my duty."

"What a cold ward duty is! I could not do right things merely because it were my duty." "that is, perhaps, the reason, my dear,

why you seldom do right things."

"Perhaps it is," said Margaret, slowly; I know it would be right to try, but it is

Such a forlorn hope," she added, half sadly half gayly. "What do you mean, my dear?"

"To make my father love me," was the

This was a theme on which Mrs. Dalton never suffered Margaret to proceed. She had that intimate persuasion that What ought to be, should never be sup-posed not to be, that the most distant admission of the sort seemed, in her eyes, almost as shocking as the fact itself, and She desired Margaret, in a much more authorative manner than usual, not to talk such wicked nonsense. At this opportune moment the door opened, and a servant brought a note which Margaret took with great eagerness, and which seemed to turn her thoughts into quite another channel, for she had scarcely

"Don't you know, my dear, that I lived some years in Mr. Warren's family. Mrs. Warren was young Mrs. Neville's aunt, and when he was a very little hoy he was once for some weeks in-trusted to my care. I reminded him of this, and he perfectly recollected it, and named several little incidents that had accurred during this visit."

Was he a nice little boy?" "Very spoilt, indeed, he was, and so wilful. He led one a weary life!" Margaret laughed and said-

"He is coming here to-morrow, hope he will not torment us much."

"Well, we shall see," cried Margaret, pringing from her chair, with a bound that carried her in one second to the door, 'perhaps people are never too old for that;" and as she rushed up the stairs to the landing-place, and then down those which let to Walter's room, jumping two at a time, and singing out in different keys and with various roulades, these words—"Two can play at that game,"—what was she thinking of? Of the dexterous activity with which she cleared those intervening steps? Of the the cup and the ball of which she snatched up from the table, and managed with the most graceful skill? Or of the shuttlecock, which, by one little mischievous knock, she sent flying across the lofty hall? No; I am afraid it meant, "If he means to plague me, I may perhaps plague him first!" For shame, Margaret! you did not deserve as you entered Walter's room, and asked him kindly how he did, and fetched a jumping two at a time, and singing out him kindly how he did, and fetched a cushion for his head, and sat down by the side of his couch to read to him his mother's note, that he should take your hand and kiss it, and that he should call you the very best little woman in the whole world. You were not a bad one; no, perhaps a tolerably good one, as women go; but certainly not the very best, or anything like it. If he had said the very prettiest, we might have let it pass.

The next day it was ascertained that Walter had sprained his leg so severely, that it would be quite impossible for him to put his foot to the ground for a week or ten days, at least, and Dr. Bartweek or te The next day it was ascertained that let recommended that even then he should not attempt much exertion, but suffer himself to be nursed and treated as an invalid for some time to come. Margaret heard this decision with considerable satisfaction, and spent an hour in pulling about the furniture in his room, and bringing within his reach every thing he could possibly want dur-

ing what she called his imprisonment.
"Hard labor," she said, "in the House of Correction: which means, dear Wal-

month to correct my faults. "You must confess them before I can correct them," answered Walter, with a smile. Margaret looked a little graver than usual, and folded her arms, as she stood at the end of the couch exactly opposite to Walter.

"I could not bear you to think ill of me," she said at last; and after a pause Gaul, was a Christian youth named added, with a forced laugh, "and shall Succath, who for years tended swine on not, therefore, choose you for my confessor?

An hour afterwards, after entangling further some very entangled knitting, with a desperate pull, which served to

to bring matters to a crisis, she asked—
"Walter, do you think it a great fault
to wish passiodately to be liked, praised, "No; not a great fault in itself, but a

passion, not seldom a fatal one." After a panse, seeing that she remain-

ed silent, he continued-But is it all praise you care about? Is it the affection of anyone or every one that you covet?"

"Not alike," she replied; "hut none comes amiss. I like the house-dog to wag his tail at my approach. Cousin Mary's baby to throw his arms round my neck when I kiss him. I like kind, loving faces about me; and I hate a cold eternal chesnuts you are so fond stern look, as I do a dark and gloomy day. I wish to be loved, as I wish the sun to shine upon me. As a sunless world, so would a loveless life be to me! Walter, can you fancy a more unhappy being than one whom nobody loved?"

"Yes; one who loved no one." "Would that be worse, do you think? Can love be its own reward?"

Walter opened a volume that was lying by his side, and read out loud the following beautiful passage from one o Scott's novels :-

"Her thoughts were detached from the world, and only visited it, with an interest like that which guardian-spirits take for their charge, in behalf of those with whom she lived in love, or of the poor whom she could serve and comfort."

"That is like you," said Margaret, as he closed the book; "and that is the sort of love you would feel for others. I shall never be so unselfish." At that moment her eyes were fixed

on the window, and a smile hovered on her lips as the sound of horses' feet on the pavement of the inner court andespair. I could do great times in had strong hopes of success; but forlorn hopes, desperate struggles—O no, it tires through one door the other was flung through one door throu appearance. Without being really handsome, he had some of the picturesque qualities of beauty. The deep color in his cheek, and the earnest expression of his eyes, as he advanced towards Walter, and anxiously inquired if he was still suffering from his accident gave him favor in Margaret's eyes. He turned quickly towards her, and held out his hand as to an old acquaintance; his manner quite changed from that of the day before. When she moved to go away, he took her by surprise, by saying with a kind of childish but arbitrary earnestness, "Don't go away."

Now, considering that she had not the least wish to go it would have keep

least wish to go, it would have been ill-natured not to stay; and with a smile that said as much, she took a middle ourse, neither leaving the room, nor returning to her chair by the fire; but half leaning, half sitting, on the back of Walter's couch, she set about rubbing, with the corner of her embroidered pocket-handkerchief, a certain ink-spot which disfigured the brightest peony on the chintz covor of the said sofa. That this notable employment could not come to a natural end, (seeing that no rubbing has ever been known to take out ink-spots), was rather an advantage than not under the circumstances; and it was not till the luncheon-bell rang, and Mr. and Mrs. Thornton, who were always invited to come to Grantley when any read it when she exclaimed—
"Oh! by the way, how came Mr. Neville not to be altogether a stranger to

you?

"On the dor, and the dining-room, that
Margaret, for the third time, advanced
towards the door, and this time was not

German language Stang. "For the Irish checked in her progress, butglided down the oak-staircase with Edmund Neville by her side. Mr. Thornton, who was already seated before an immense gamepie, and with the wing of a partridge on his uplifted fork, and a broad smile on his radiant countenance, exclaimed, as she entered the room-

"How now, my darling; what makes you look so very bright to-day? Muzzle

off, eh?"
She made a sign with her pretty head as if slipping it out of a collar, and drawing down the suspended pinion to her own plate with a little gentle violence she laughed gayly at her own exploit; O, not now, Miss Margaret, he is too boasted of having her own way in everything, and managing everybody, by book or by crook; and lastly, in an undertone with a significant little no.l, she said to Mrs. Dalton.

"And after all, Dally, I think I could

lead a forlorn hope."

Three weeks had elapsed since Walter's accident, and to Margaret they had been some of the plesantest she had where he had told her stories about the fierce Count Bertram and the gentle Lady Godiva; where she had shook her little fist at Queen Eleanor, the cruel dame in the red hood, and cried for fair Rosamond, the damsel in the green mantle; or whether it was the chintz bedroom at the parsonage, whose sash-window opened on the smoothest lawn and the gaudiest flower-beds that ever adorned one of those pretty English homes-Margaret's room was the room

in the house upon this; but latterly he had often replied, "You know, dearest mother, we cannot now hope to keep her often to ourselves." And then his fond, unwise, foolish mother would answer, "And why should we not keep her, some day, all to ourselves.'

(To be Continued.)

Subscribe for the Review.

A Glimpse of Erin.

"O Carl illustrious Emperor We're but strangers on your shore, From Erin's Isle where every gien, Is crudled with the sons of song, And every port with learned men. T. D. McGEE.

Among the captives brought back by Nail the Grand from one of his raids in the hills of Antrim. He escaped from captivity and studied for the ministry under his uncle St. Martin of Tours. This was St. Patrick the Apostle of the Irish nation. It is no exaggration to say that the results of St. Patrick's mission fill some of the grandest pages in history. Under the inspiration of his teaching Ireland won the proud pre-eminence of being designated the "School of Europe" "No; not a great fault in itself, but a dangerous taste, and if it grows into a Patrick brought with him no lay learning, nor hooks nor instruments he brought only his religious teachings and ceremonies. He introduced the Latin tongue and alphabet, he found in Ireland a highly cultured and civilized race of celts. Toland in his history of the British Druids says: "At this era the Irish were the most enlightened cultivators of letters in Europe, and so great was the respect in which their learning was held by the Saxons and North Britains that the Draids of these countries for ages were innitiated into their arts knowledge and mysteries by the Irish Druids."

The English writer Camder says St. Patrick found the Irish Druids who contended with him at Tarah eminently versed in Greeian literature and astronomy, Bishop Stilling Fleet writes. St. Patrick certainly brought no accession of literature to the Irish as their Druids were then the most learned of men in Europe and stood unrivalled in the cultivation of letters." "In a brief space Ireland became the University of Europe; and observe hers were lines Schools to which all who came were welcome and were not only taught, but FED and MAINTAINED GRATUITOUSLY' (Clancey) Camden says: "The disciples of St. Patrick made so great a progress in Christianity that in the following age

acknowledged their religious and literary indebtedness to Ireland" "To-day over one hundred and fifty Irishmen are invoked as patron saints in different parts of Germany." St. Columbanes and St. Gall who went out from that corner of the earth and came to us as also did that holy martyr of Christ St. Boniface, who came from the same place to bring to our beloved fatherland the light of faith" Rev. William Stang, D. D., The Irish not only penetrated the inhospitable and uncultivated parts of the continent, we find them even on the shores of America as early as the eight century. Grave historians admit that the Irish discovered America seven hundred years before Christopher Columbus and colonized that portion of America now known as north and south Carolina, Georgia and east Florida. Gndlief Grdlaugsan, a norse navigator, who landed here in the beginning of the eleventh century, found the people speaking Irish, and in the Sagas the country is called "Ireland-it-mikla," that

is great Ireland. Who has not heard and read of St. Brendan the Irish sailor monk whose fantastic pilgrimages into the great ocean in search of the earthly paradise and of souls to convert" have exercised a religious charm over the Christian German language Stang. "For the Irish says" Mallafried Straba the habitem-migrate has become theirs econd nation" nature" "Who since were the luminaries of the western world when the sun of science had almost set on us! Who were the instructed of natures during four whole centures but the Irish. To them you are indebted for the preservation of the Bible, the Fathers and the classics in short of the means by which you yourselves have acquired whatever literature you possess." Dr. Milner "When we look into the ecclesiastical life of this people, we are almost tempted to believe that some potent spirits had transported over the sea, the cells of the valley of the Nile with all their inmates, and had settled them down in the Western Isle; an isle, which, in the lapse of three centuries, gave eight hundred and fifty saints to the church; won over to Christianity the north of Britain and soon after a large portion of the yet pagan Germany."

(Gorres).

Province of Manitoba.

CEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the envelope "Tender for a permit to cut timber on the North-East quarter of Township 10, Range 9 East of the 1st Meridian, in the said Province.

The regulations under which a permit may be issued may be obtained at this Department or at the office of the Crown Timber Agent at Winnipeg.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered Bank in favour of the Deputy of the Minister of the Interior, for the amount of the bonus which the applicant is prepared to pay for the permit. It will be necessary for the person whose tender isaccepted to obtain a permit within sixty days from the 27th of this month, and to pay twenty per cent. of the dues on the timber to be cut under such permit, otherwise the berth will be cancelled JOHN R. HALL, Secretary.

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ntellectual, literary and religious condition of Ireland are from the pens of a few of the most brilliant and trustworthy writers of the past and present centuries. And that the cradle land of the "Irish Scots" may again become the "School of the West" and the home of sanctity and learning will be the prayer of millions of the scattered sons of the Gael on this

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sioner at Regina, or to the Indian Office, Winnipeg.
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Deputy of the Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs.

Department of Indian Affairs, Ottawa, March, 1863.



Tenders for a Permit to cut Timber on Dominion Lands in the

Department of the Interior, } Ottawa, 9th March, 1893.



Tenders for a Permit to Cut Tim ber on Dominion Landsinthe Province of Manitoba.

CEALED TENDERS addressed to the nndersigned and marked on the envelope "Tender for a permit to cut timber, to be opened on the 10th of April, 1883," will be received at this Department until noon on Monday, the 10th day of April next, for a permit to cut timber on Seikirk Island, in Lake Winnipeg, in the said Province.

The regulations and rewhich a permit will be issued may be obtained at this Department or at the office of the Crown Timber Agent at Winnipeg.

Winnipeg.

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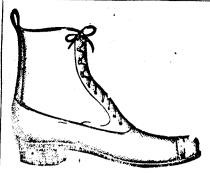
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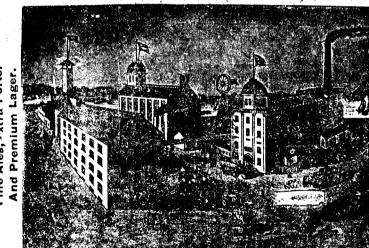
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